

THE OMEN



VOLUME 24, ISSUE 1, FEBRUARY 4 2005



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omen

Volume 24, Issue 1 February 4, 2005 layout & editing

Aaron Buchsbaum	Mendicant
Jesse Frola	Child Pornographer
Julia Kimmel	J-Walker
Jacob Lefton	Wipers on, Headlights off
Stephen Morton	Heckler / Loiterer
Abby Ohlheiser	Left poo on the street
Michael Peterson	Left dog poo on the street
Emily Sutheland	Unregistered Name Change

Front Cover by
Aaron Buchsbaum

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays before 5 p.m.** You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, **Room C202, x4566**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to **awo03@hampshire.edu**

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at **omen.hampshire.edu**



We were just sort
of mildly amusing
ourselves

Quote Attributed to Abby Ohlheiser

AM I RIGHT OR AM I RIGHT?

Editorial

I have decided that the rest of my editorials will be devoted to wacky, edgy, non-partisan humor that everybody can enjoy.

Hey there ladies and gents, thanks for coming out tonight. Four more years. Four... more... years. Man oh man, what was the country thinking? I mean, seriously! No really, I understand. We had to choose between Mr. Botox over here and a guy who was almost killed by a pretzel! With choices like these, the country would vote for just about anybody else! Even Arnold Schwarzenegger could win an election with opponents like these! Oh, wait... HEALREADY DID! HA! But seriously, Arnold is the Governor of California. What's up with that? Now, I've been in LA for a few years now, and at first I was kind of embarrassed, but then I thought "Hey, if the Japanese ever decide to invade again, we've got somebody to protect us!" No really, he'd kill them all. I'm just kidding I love the Japanese They make good cars, and they're so compact. The cars are compact as well! Oh what, was I too edgy for you right there? Now let me talk for a bit about race humor. It seems like we can have the black guys up there insulting white people, the Asians insulting themselves, and the Hispanics insulting everybody, but a white person gets up and starts doing the same material and they're suddenly a member of the KKK? Ooh, I'd better go get my white hood! Hey guys, I'm not racist, I'm just a little off of the mainstream. We have to learn to laugh at each other. My humor is fresh. Speaking of fresh, what's up with airplanes? I always seem to get on the plane with the crying baby and the guy with the bad cough, putting germs

into the air that we all have to share! And what's up with airplane food? Are they even trying? Seriously, it's like high school cafeteria meets Honey I Shrunk the Kids! Those peanut packets are so small, and I can never open the damn things! I pull and pull but then the packet splits apart and the three peanuts go all over my lap, and then the fat guy in the chair next to me is like "MMMM! Food!" and I don't even get the peanuts! I'm more hungry than Saddam was in that hole! And what was up with the beard? Did he even think about shaving? He looked terrible when we pulled him out of that hole. I would have felt bad for him, but he's an evil, evil man. Even if he didn't have direct connections to 9/11, We're better off without him, and his moustache. We would have smoked him out sooner or later.

Speaking of smoking, what's up with smoking bans? Since when has smoking in a bar been so bad that it needs to be against the law? I can ruin my lungs if I want to, people! At least I'm not ruining my heart on the Atkins diet! You know what? They should ban the Atkins diet from restaurants. Seriously. I can't go in and smoke a cigarette but some woman in spandex with three kids can sit down and eat a plate of beef? What's up with that? If you want to save lives, get a bill passed keeping our restaurants free of Atkins-induced cardiac arrest. But seriously, the Atkins diet works for some people. Did you hear about the Pentagon report that came out last week? Apparently Saddam got into the hole in the first place by starting the Atkins diet three weeks before going in to hiding! Thank you very much, you've been a great audience, goodnight.

(The writer would like to dedicate this set to Dennis Leary and Jerry Seinfeld)

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupported writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

SO YOU WANT TO BE A BAD MODMATE!

Over time, there have been trends that characterize truly bad modmates. If perhaps you'd like a single-double or the chance to reduce your 8-person mod to a 4-person mod, or you just want to be blacklisted across campus, try these time-tested methods that generations of bad Hampshire modmates have used.

Remember: "I thought I knew these people, but once I moved in, I realized I was wrong."

1. Change personality drastically when moving from dorms to mods.

2. Acquire new habits, such as compulsive talking, messiness, or obsessive cleanliness.

3. Adopt new activities, like squirrel butchering, or art projects that involve paste fumes, papier mache, and tiny bits of paper.

4. Assume other modmates can read your mind.

5. If modmates cannot or will not read your mind, take action by becoming passive-aggressive. They'll figure it out eventually.

6. If sulking doesn't work, post accusatory, unsigned notes that leave everyone unsettled. Notes should be at least a page in length.

7. Acquire new toys such as spray paint, fire extinguishers, broccoli, cocaine. Use them as creatively as possible.

8. Use modmates as personal therapists, because your everyday minutiae are so important.

9. Use loud music with thumping bass to disguise loud sex and hopefully distract modmates from the fact that you're even there. Three a.m. is the best time.

10. Refuse to bring problems you have with your modmates

to their attention, but complain so much to other people that your modmates hear about it from everyone you know.

11. Complain loudly about mess and other issues but feel free to continue doing the same. After all, you're never the problem.

12. Lie compulsively. Attempt to put modmates against each other by doing so. Create fictitious conflicts, slights, and dislikes, and see how much misunderstanding and distrust you can create!

13. Talk loudly about your modmates when they're in the next room. Smile as fakely as possible when they come in.

14. Take ownership of the mod. After all, it's your name on the mod contract (and everyone else's, but yours is first). Arrange the common space to your specifications and refuse to change it. If others rearrange it, return it to its perfect state while they're out.

15. Acquire a pet without your modmates' knowledge — until you bring it home, of course! The messier and more illegal, the better. Claim that "everyone loves it" when the House Office comes calling.

With the new semester starting, you have a prime opportunity to rope unsuspecting returning-from-leave students into your mod! These are just a few ideas to get you started — you can probably think of dozens more ways to attain that solitary space you've always craved. Moving off-campus is probably just too much of a pain.

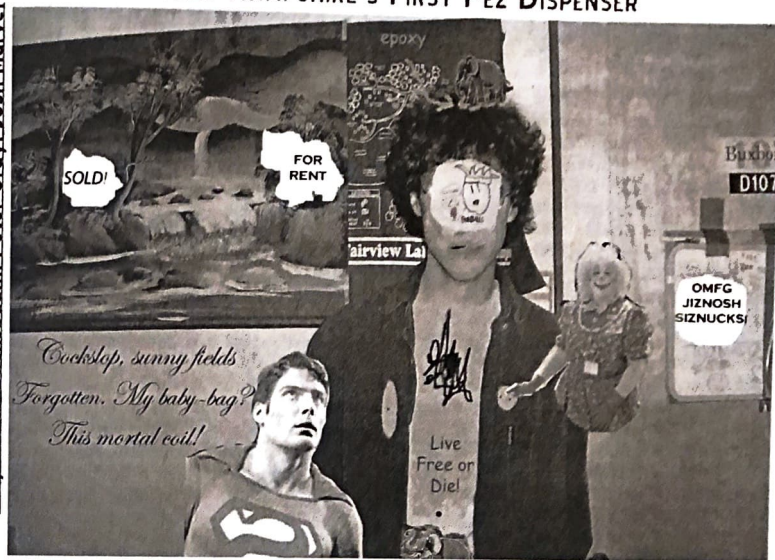
by Rebecca Costello



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FIRST PEZ DISPENSER

by: Aaron Buchsbaum, Peter Gray, Josh Marvel



WHY YOU SHOULD LOVE THE OMEN!

Stephen Morton

So, I've meaning to submit to the Omen for quite some time now. Actually, I've intended to do so since I found about it, basically, because it's a wonderful idea. Unfortunately, I am lazy. Every time I remember about it, it's Saturday, the day articles are due, and I've only remembered because it's been posted about on the Jolt. At this point, I *could* start writing and get it done in time for the deadline. My other option is to keep doing whatever I was doing before I found out it was due today. That one wins. This time, however, I've managed to remember beforehand and get something all written up and shiny.

So first off, I don't understand

people who dislike the Omen. I really don't. There are bad editions, but that's not the fault of the Omen, it's the fault of lazy students like me who can't be assed to write something. You think the Omen is bad? Write something better. You, single-handedly, can take an edition from horrible to worth picking up for that one article that's actually good. There's nothing stopping you from writing an amazing whatever you care about. But you don't. Why? Because the Omen is bad. Since it's bad, you certainly can't write something for it, because you write good things and good things don't go into something that's bad.

At my high school, we

had a student newspaper type thing. It came out once a month, was organized, with a set staff, and thorough editing. As a result, it was always the same length, and always horribly boring. Never once did they publish an article that anyone, anywhere, living or dead, cared about. The Omen, on the other hand, is comprised entirely of stuff that someone cares about enough to conceive of and write on their own. Sure, a lot of it may be utter crap, or of interest only to the writer, but even so, that's better than boring. And this, fellow students, is why I love the Omen, and, as I've been told repeatedly, the Omen loves me.



GOOGLE SEARCH #3 : WHORE OVERLORD ROCKET

by: Sam Anderson

This is the third in a series of Omen features. I simply type in a suitably arbitrary search term (shown in the title) and string together the link descriptions, eliminating ellipses where necessary. Enjoy!

IGN Boards - I LOVE THAT SWORD Darth Vader the Strangely Proportioned Arse Prodder - My penis's name Former Overlord of Clan "Noob stick whore." Best response I LOVE THAT ROCKET LAUNCHER.Atomic v2.0 FreerangeEggs 27/9/04 9:39:07 PM Overlord Send private Message, darkon: i would Quote by Ambrosia I am his sweet little 'slut' and he is my darling 'whore'. Atomic v2.0 There was one there this morning then it dawned on me some poor slut had stolen

TheManFromPOST 25/4/03 12:22:08 PM Overlord Send private Message, I went to think like me don't look like a garish madame whore at the twice interview Paige." People this isn't rocket science to rule the planet as the Dark Imperial Overlord. Gaming News Archives 08/10/2004 has signed on to play the vampire overlord Kagan, who re a rich white man willing to whore himself out Carmack's X-Prize Rocket Crashes [Uros "2Lions" Jojic] 7 Marilyn Monroe Lust, Money, Pilot, Reason, River, Rocket, School, Slut, Slut, Sweet, World". Need, Number, Numerology, Obelisk, Octopus, Overlord, Panther, Parliament Robert Anton Wilson Reason, Record, Red, River, Rocket, Satin, Scandal School, Serendipity, Sight, Slut, Slut, Smoke,

Spotlight Numerology, Octopus, Overlord, Parliament, Psychedelic Mountain Biking Dream Bike: www.mtbr.com The Trials Overlord by Ad Dean posted: September 15, 2001 Rocket Ride by ted garbarino posted: September 2, 2001 for sale by Bob the Techno-Whore posted: August BattleReports.com Werewolf, right from the start, teched like a whore. Quad Cannon placement, the five Overlord tanks approach anywhere near the base the Rocket Buggies inside Atomic v2.0 it known that if any man in town wanted to use her for their whore, they were Myra'Jai 15/10/03 12:06:28 AM Overlord Send private Message, looking forward to ...



by: Aaron Buchsbaum



GRECO-ROMAN FOREST

GRAB BAG 2005

by: Michael Petersen

To honor the coming of another year, I have decided to go free-form.

None of the following paragraphs bear any relation to each other whatsoever.

Well, I just moved into a double for the first time since coming to Hampshire and it has worked out fairly well on the whole. However, I must confess to having one paralyzing fear. I spend most of my waking hours listening to music and well...I'm a head-bobber. There, I said it. I'm a head-bobber. I just can't help it. I listen to the music and my body just starts to sway and my head starts to bob. I can't control myself. And, of course, when something really fast comes on, like a Napalm Death or Discordance Axis song, the swaying and bobbing gradu-

ates into full-scale thrashing, which of course is the only appropriate thing to do, right? Living alone, I never had to worry about anyone catching me in my moment of weakness, but now I've always got to stay on my guard lest my roommate walk in on me thrashing around and believe me to be an even bigger dork than he already presupposed. ("What the hell's the matter with you? Are you suffering from a bout of epilepsy?") I have managed to avoid being caught thus far, but who knows how long I can maintain it? The only worse thing that could happen is having your roommate walk in

on you while jerking off. (All right, I have confessed my sins. I feel better now.)

There was this great jazzcore outfit that played in the late nineties called The Judas Iscariot. Truly one of the most original and breathtaking hardcore groups of all time. They recorded a twelve-inch split, a seven-inch record, as well as providing a song for a compilation before riding off into the sunset. The unfortunate catch, as you all may have gathered, is that like many indie

However, others were trying to mention good reggae songs/groups and somebody mentioned The Clash, which provoked my ire.

groups they put out everything on vinyl, ignoring the fact that some of us don't own any fucking record players. However, my friend Chris back home told me that he would be able to rip the vinyl records onto compact disc for me, so I purchased the records and had them shipped home before Christmas break. Anyway, I just found out that my well-laid plans have just fallen through, leaving me with a bunch of useless records that I can't play and wondering why the fuck anyone releases anything on vinyl anymore. Compact discs are cheaper, they sound better, they are easier to navigate through, and most

importantly new equipment capable of playing compact discs are still being sold. I don't want to pay ninety some dollars to buy a replacement needle for our old, broken record player just to play something on an inferior format. Pull yourself into the 21st Century, Mountain Records! Can't you fuckers stick the tracks from those three records onto a CD and sell it as a "Complete Discography" like every other fucking crust/hardcore group from the late nineties already has? Channel your inner capitalist pig and make it happen, you fucking hippies.

While I'm on the topic of music, I was participating in an online discussion over which was the most abominable genre known to man (I know; there are so many to choose from). One person chose reggae, surprisingly enough, steadfastly maintaining that there were absolutely no good reggae albums ever. Now I'm not the greatest fan of reggae in the world and will readily admit that it's not my cup of tea. Hell, I think Linton Kwesi Johnson is amazing and I like some of Marley's stuff, but that's about as far as it goes. However, others were trying to mention good reggae songs/groups and somebody mentioned The Clash, which provoked my ire. Don't get me wrong, I like The Clash. I own two of their albums, so don't get all irate and say, "I

continued on page 9

can't believe Michael doesn't like the Clash!" because you will be so wrong about that. However, I like them as a punk band. Unfortunately, however, they for some reason thought that they could play reggae as well, which violates the one universal law of music, which is "white boys can't reggae." Sure, it may sound harsh, but it's true. I am willing to give almost any genre of

UB40, I'm going to kidnap him, bring him back to my dorm room, and do my best al-Zarqawi impersonation. And even then, I don't think it would hurt him as much as he hurt me.

I'm pretty damn sure that he was tough enough to mow down my honky ass before I could utter a single word, but he sounds like a deranged court jester.

music a chance, knowing that it contains at least a handful of decent artists, even though the rest of the genre may be composed of corporate whores and petty hacks, but I have never heard one single decent reggae song done by a white person. I have heard good punk bands that were ska and reggae influenced like Operation Ivy or Citizen Fish and I still think Catharsis' song "Deserts Without Mirages" is amazing, though that's kind of a reggae/metalcore hybrid, but straight reggae by white people sucks. Period. No ifs, ands, or buts about it. The Clash, who kicked ass as a punk group, immediately started sucking as a reggae group. Their straight reggae songs are aural atrocities in the purest sense of the word. Just completely fucking awful. I mean, who told them that they could record these songs? Inquiring minds want to know. Perhaps I'm biased, though. I used to work with my father in the audiovisual department at my local community college and all term his computer was playing the Best of UB40 on constant loop. If I ever run into anyone from

And finally, the most disappointing event of the New Year thus far goes to... (Well, besides the inauguration, but we all saw that coming.) ...the movie *Are We There Yet?* The movie, just in case you were blissfully unaware of its existence, is a predictable load of tripe involving someone having to ferry his girlfriend's annoying brats. This in and of itself is not particularly worthy of comment, except perhaps to reiterate that Hollywood is filled to the brim with hack writers who couldn't fit the material for an original screenplay into their feeble brains if it were made of lead and transferred into their craniums via pistol. However, this abomination is singular in that it stars Ice Cube. Ice Cube! Jesus Fucking Christ! Of course, like many of you reading this, I believe that tracks like "Straight Outta Compton," "Gangsta Gangsta," and "Fuck Tha Police" are musical gems worthy of comparison to Beethoven's Fifth and Wagner's "The Ring." (And yes, in case you were wondering, they are also extremely head-thrash worthy.) However, such a statement

alone cannot convey the quintessence of Ice Cube's career. He was quite simply the scariest, most badass rapper of all-time. Hands down. I mean there were many gangsta rappers who talked tough and who I'm pretty sure were tough. But they don't *sound* tough. For example, let us examine another rapper from the same group, Eazy-E. I'm pretty damn sure that he was tough enough to mow down my honky ass before I could utter a single word, but he sounds like a deranged court jester. (On second thought, that is pretty scary.) However, when you listened to Ice Cube, he sounded so threatening that you were always afraid that he might actually pop out of your speakers and personally beatdown your scrawny ass. But now Cube has gone from "smackin' up bitches" and "shootin' muthafuckas" to this mindless, feel-good trash. Armageddon is upon us. And the reason he supposedly made it was because he wanted "something to show his kids when they asked him what he did for a living." Ice, what do you have to be ashamed of? Just play "Fuck Tha Police" for the lil tykes. I'm sure they'll turn out just fine. I did.



Congratulations!

—From the Omen

Redsneakers Journalism

LOL TEH GUILDS!!!!

—Abby, PLEASE don't edit this. You'll die.

So, my friends managed to get me into World of Warcraft. World of Warcraft is a vile, horrible disease that costs you money to get infected. It's like an STD ridden whore was being passed around my friends with a note attached that said, "Don't fuck her, she has STDs. You stupid dumbass." Needless to say, I too have the syphilis of the computer. So does my girlfriend. And the only thing that gets rid of the burning sensation is sweet, sweet heroin.

Apart from the narcotics addiction, however, this game is great. I can't think of a better reason for me to fail my Div III. You start up a game, choose which side to play on (stupid Horde or noble Alliance), and pick a race. I picked Gnome. Gnomes are short, have wacky hair, and everyone hates them. Most people hate Gnomes because they tlak liek tihs. Seeing as World of Warcraft (WoW for short) is the first MMORPG I've

ever played that isn't Neopets, I decided to dive headfirst into character, and started talking like a 13-year-old asshole-in-training. Oh, that pissed people off. Imagine yourself immersed in a game with your friends, trying to communicate to your teammates the best manner in which to combat the opposing monsters, who would like nothing more than to eat your fleshy midsections, and this n00b of a gnome keeps saying things like the following:

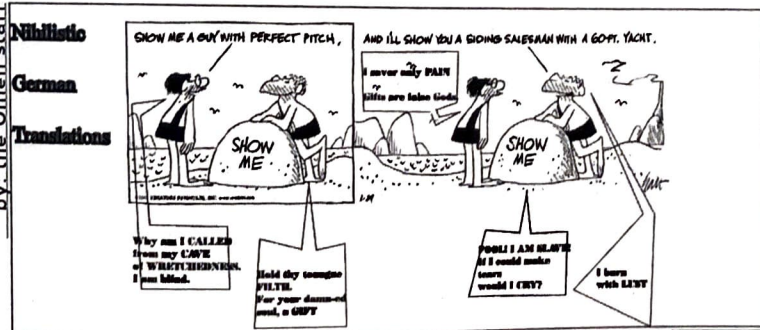
- 1) lol
- 2) lol teh guilds
- 3) omg lol teh guilds
- 4) OMG WOLF
- 5) OGM WTF WOLF
- 6) Where is the exit?
- 7) Why am I killing nomes? I'm a nome. Will other people kill me? This makes me sad. I cry for them. The nomes.
- 8) Oh, sorry. Gnome. My "G" key is busted.
- 9) Oh wait, nevermind. I uess it's not broken.
- 10) Fish fish fish...all night

long...fish fish fish while i sing this song...when i tell you i can fish...i ain't wrong...gonna fish fish fish till teh break of dawn

I ascended the ranks of honor in my guild quickly. Soon I had surpassed other members with actual rank and standing, and became the one and only "Troll" in our guild. I didn't understand this much, seeing as I was a nome, and not a troll. Trolls are a Horde-only race, and I was part of teh Alliance! So anyways, to make a long story short, I pissed off most of my friends and got my guild chat privileges revoked. It made me sad. I eventually got them back, however, and am now a valued member of teh guild. It really is something, building an online community like that. I only wish pissing people off IRL ("in real life" for you n00bs out there) made me as many friends as it did online.



by: the Omen staff



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

ZOMBIES!!! ALSO, DRUGS.

"Stay down, dammit!" Steve shouted, firing a round through the creature's eye. The zombie hissed one final time and collapsed on the ground. "Praise Bob," Steve mumbled under his breath while attempting to light his cigarette. Turning around, he headed back to the complex, rifle slung over his back.

He placed the rifle on the endtable by this week's TV Guide. The zombie-killing business just wasn't as fulfilling as it used to be. Steve had become pre-occupied with cleaning his rifle to a blinding shine to keep his mind agile. Each night, the fight seemed the same. It had started to feel scripted. The zombies just weren't trying anymore.

His night always began around twilight. Usually a zombie would shamle up to his back porch, or maybe up the front walk way, halfheartedly moaning and clawing at the boarded-up windows. Once Steve figured the zombie had had enough fun, he would leap out of the door and shoot the zombie's head off. This was repeated usually three or four times in a given night. In the morning, Steve always made sure to clean up the blood and body parts, disposing of them in the compost pile in his backyard.

Food had been turning into a problem of late. He'd had to move onto canned food a week ago, and he was getting sick of it. He wished he'd lived back in the time when everyone had root cellars and preserves. All he had in his basement was a dusty foosball table and some paint cans.

Every day, while rooting

through his ever-dwindling reserves, he'd pause at her picture, still hanging on the cupboard. Ever since she'd left, he hadn't slept more than a couple hours a night. Neither the system's collapse nor the aftermath had affected him as deeply. Perhaps it was his apathy towards the state of the world, as much as the horrors inflicted on it in the name of order and morality, that finally pushed her over the edge. He was by no means a psychologist, and her true motives had always been beyond him. All he really knew was that he both truly loved her and reviled her for all she had done to him.

Every day he would head out to scavenge among the ruined desolate wasteland for scraps of cloth or other materials, useful trinkets, and food. He had long grown to detest the taste of rats, for it seemed that the resilient creatures were all that had survived the collapse and subsequent chaos. Yet, it was either eat or die. He spent his sleepless nights drugged up on his numerous "medications", being no longer limited in dosage by the system, and would rant and rave about his small hovel. It was during one such episode that in his wild waving about he knocked the picture off his cupboard into the cooking fire he made. The system had destroyed her, and his dependency on the system's drugs had led him to destroy the last fragment of his former life by which he could remember her.

He soon began to wonder whether she had actually even existed. His mind began to

by Michael Iserberg, Sara Von Harvy, Kate Freedman, Sam Anderson, Justin Leone, Phillip Welty, Mona Weiss, Robert Anderson, and K. Morton

Homemade | Death To The Extremist CCLXXIV by M. Zole

USING A COMPUTER
THERE, EH?

YEP.

APPLE MACINTOSH,
I SEE.

ARE YOU SURE YOU
WOULDN'T RATHER
BE USING A
OneStar ZX-128?

IT FEATURES TWO
DISKETTE DRIVES,
HANDSOME PLASTIC
CASING, COOKIE
DRAWER, AND TWO
EXPANSION PORTS.

ALSO 128KB OF
MEMORY (HENCE
THE 128).

RIGHT.

PLEASE?

LOOK, I'M NOT
WRITING MY
DISSERTATION
ON A COMPUTER
YOU BUILT.

BUT!

THE HARD
DRIVE ON THE
LAST ONE WAS
A THREE-RING
BINDER.

THAT WAS OptiBinder
TECHNOLOGY!

YOU'RE NOT
FOOLING ME,
EVEN WITH YOUR
SLEEK DESIGNS.

www.zole.org/extremist

decay, his memories warped by the drugs. The system, which fed him "medications" and had ruined his life, was now his only hope for redemption. After scouring the desolate wasteland for some cockroaches to sate his appetite, he decided it was time to take action.

He arose over the dust, trying

to concentrate on his decision. Flies buzzed at the edge of his consciousness. Feet moved one in front of the other and air brushed at his clotted clothes, and eventually he came to recognize his goal. His eyes blurred as he tried to bring them to the entrance, refusing to take in form any longer.

He knew where he was, where it

had begun, where it began for those who could remember it beginning. He walked in. "Welcome back Jonathan S. Jackson. You will find your materials and job card inside the room to the left..." He picked up his mop and bucket.



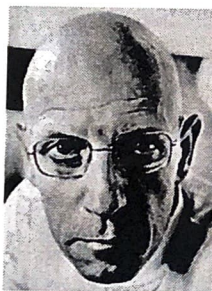
THE OMEN PRESENTS FAMOUS FEBES!

It's hard to grow up without role models, and if you're a Feb student, you may feel like you have no one famous to look up to. Well, think again! You may not know it, but many notable celebrities were once Febes just like you!

Charles Mingus was born on a military base in Nogales, Arizona in 1922. Beginning in the 1940's he toured with bands like Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory and Lionel Hampton. Between the 40's and 70's he recorded numerous albums, including *Pithecanthropus Erectus*. The New Yorker wrote: "For sheer melodic and rhythmic and structural originality, his compositions may equal anything written in western music in the twentieth century."
Charles Mingus was a Feb!



William The Conqueror came into being around 1028, the illegitimate son of Duke Robert I of Normandy. On his father's death in 1035, Bill was recognized by his family as the heir. He wrested control of England from his distant cousin, King Harold II, in October of 1066, and was crowned on Christmas Day 1066 in Westminster Abbey. William died on the 9th of September, 1087. His tomb was promptly desecrated by Huguenots in 1562, and again by Revolutionaries in 1793.
William the Conqueror was a Feb!



Michel Foucault was born in 1926, in Poitiers, France. His father was an eminent local surgeon who desired his son to follow in his career footsteps. Instead he studied philosophy, psychology, and psychopahtology, and wrote books like "Madness and Civilization", "The Order of Things", and "Discipline and Punish". He taught in Sweden and France, and was also gay. Foucault passed away in 1984, shortly after publishing volumes II and III of his unfinished work "History of Sexuality".
Michel Foucault was a Feb!

Carl Sagan was born in Brooklyn, New York. He attended the University of Chicago, where he received both a B.S. (1955) and M.S. (1956) in physics, before earning his doctorate in astronomy and astrophysics. He urged the scientific community to listen with large radio telescopes for signals from intelligent extraterrestrial lifeforms, and in 1994 "Carl Sagan" became the new code name for Apple's Power Macintosh 7100. He sued. Sagan was a dirty liberal pothead.
Carl Sagan was a Feb!



Pigpen smells bad and sits all by himself.

Pigpen was a Feb!

